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Editorially Speaking...

It is a common thing to hear a local booster declare of any town that it is the greatest little city in the state or the nation or even the world. But it's mighty uncommon to find one who can tell you why.

Thus, without prejudice to our community—which needs to take no back seat—we can applaud the recent address of Vinson K. Shannon to a Kingsport Business-Education Day audience in that bustling Tennessee town.

As division manager of The Mead Corporation, responsible for the production of about 325 tons of fine printing papers every day of the year, Mr. Shannon proceeded to check off in rapid-fire order the things he knew about the city that are impressive to him.

"Kingsport was planned," he said, "as an industrial city . . . intelligently imaginatively and purposefully." The result is a great deal of industry for its size, diversified industry that protects the town against recession in any one and against the "growing pains and congestion" that plague most other cities.

Mr. Shannon likes Kingsport's non-partisan council-manager form of government, the first in the state. The city manager is a professional and the aldermen are "able, intelligent, conscientious men who are successful in their business or professional endeavor".

Like the Mead mill, which spends about a million and a quarter dollars a year with area farmers for some 32,000 truckloads of pulpwood, all of Kingsport's industries strive to buy as much of their materials and supplies locally as they can. Thus, the Kingsport love-feast is one of mutual admiration, community harmony and economic progress.

We bring this up because there are communities all over the US (such as our own, for instance) whose natural endowments are comparable with those of Kingsport. On the record, as revealed by Mr. Shannon, the additional personal ingredients for an expanding community are imagination, enthusiasm, planning—and pride!

FLU CAN KILL

The Surgeon General of the United States warns that many persons run an unusually high risk if they contract influenza. And every sign points to an awful lot of Flu this fall and winter.

If you suffer any of the chronic ailments listed at the left, don't lose any time in protecting yourself against Flu. If you are pregnant, get Flu shots. If you are 65 or older, don't take chances. If you are a parent, remember that Flu most often hits those 5 to 25 years old. Insist that your kids get their Flu shots as an essential health protection.

If you are in health service, in public safety, utilities, transportation, education or communications, the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Influenza recommends Flu vaccination just as soon as possible.

Immunization is simple, but it takes two weeks before the Flu vaccine can work to protect you. Once Flu strikes your town, it's too late for protection. Act now. If you've had Flu shots before this year, get a booster, quickly. Don't ask for trouble. Should a Flu epidemic break out in your area, you'll have nothing to worry about if you're worried enough now to see Your Doctor For Your Flu Shots.

Addison's Disease Asthma Bronchitis Bronchiectasis Diabetes Heart Disease High Blood Pressure Kidney Disorders Metabolic Disorders Pulmonary Fibrosis Pulmonary Emphysema Pulmonary Tuberculosis

EVANS Rexall DRUG STORE PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY

Only Yesterday Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

The world's fastest aviator, who set a speed of 404 miles per hour in a sea-plane, was Lt. George Stainforth.

John Jeter and Jack Roberts were being actively supported by a faction desirous of seeing George T. Bowen removed from the Dallas Borough School Board.

Wesley D. Morton, 64, died at his home in Fernbrook.

Work on Meridian Hall, to ready it for basketball games for the winter season, was completed.

Noxen Tannery went on an eight-hour work schedule, thus spreading employment and relieving distress.

Thomas A. Edison, world famous inventor, died.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Only six places showed lights throughout the entire area during a practice blackout, according to warden Charles Stookley. One man, told to put out his car lights, complied, then turned them on again within a block and went on his way. Another well known Dallas resident refused to turn out his car lights. A tavern remained lighted. The bank vault light was on, and could not be reached. Two residences were lighted.

With these exceptions, residents took the alert seriously. Blackout lasted practically one-half hour.

Members of Shavertown Methodist congregation were asked to bring any existing certificates of births and marriages for entry on church records on Home-Coming Anniversary week. All church records were destroyed in the parsonage fire.

Dr. George K. Swartz gave up private practice to enter the Public Health service.

B. Frank Bullford, only surviving member of the group which signed the original Dallas Borough Charter, observed his 86th birthday.

Jackie Yaple, four years old, came down with Infantile Paralysis.

Charles Mattingly and Nancy Hagny became man and wife.

Florence Miller became the bride of John Gaughan Jr.

Charlotte Cease was wed to Dr. Hamilton Young.

Mrs. Amanda Johnson of Beaumont, born in a log cabin of pioneer ancestors who cleared the land on the present Sordani farm, died aged 84. Her parents were Peter H. and Emeline McCarty Johnson.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Meadowcrest Housing Development was nearly completed. An aerial photograph showed houses dotted about on raw earth, enough dwellings for 100 families.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church was planning dedication by its first pastor, Rev. G. Elson Ruff. Rev. Frederick Mook was the incumbent. Under his pastorate, many improvements and extensive remodeling had been done.

Four grades in elementary school at Lake-Noxen were found to be seriously overcrowded.

Mrs. Calvin Hall was appointed to head Girl Scout training.

Herman Sands suffered a dislocated hip in a car crash in Kansas.

Earl H. Monk, 57, died of a heart attack, collapsing at his home on Pinecrest Avenue. For 37 years he had been a plumbing contractor in Dallas.

Faye Joan Smith became the bride of Luther T. Hummel Jr.

Helen Jane Grey was wed to Harry Post Jr.

Dr. Aaron S. Lisses opened an office in Dallas.

Mrs. Ethel Ritts, 43, died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Daisy Still, Shavertown.

Arthur Beahm of Noxen died at 71.

Augustus W. Denmon, lifelong resident of Beaumont, died aged 71.

All three Back Mountain high school teams lost to opponents. Westmoreland bowed to Forty-Fort; Dallas Township to Wilkes-Barre Township; Lehman to Tunkhannock.

Amos Kitchen, 83, died at Harveys Lake. The grand old man, with the head built like that of a Roman senator, was of pioneer ancestry, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kitchen.

Captain Alfred M. Camp left for Korea.

Democrats elected Don Clark chairman of Dallas Borough Democratic party.

Running on the Democratic ticket were: Don Clark and Richard Ash, for school director; John E. Roberts and William Watchulonis, for Borough Council; Robert Brown, Frank McGarry Jr. Council.

Frederick Renard, founding father of Prince of Peace Episcopal Church, died at 80.

Walter C. Blizard died in Noxen after a long illness.

John Engler, Davenport Street, died of a heart attack.

George Washington Spencer observed his 88th birthday.

Diane Allen, fifteen months old, died of diphtheria.

Lisses Attends Seminar Dr. Aaron S. Lisses, Dallas, attended the seminar on Optometric rehabilitation of the Partially Sighted Sunday at the Penn Harris Hotel, Harrisburg. The seminar stressed recent advances in design of sub-normal vision aids.

Rambling Around By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

The old Shaver Cemetery on Overbrook Avenue, set aside by pioneer Philip Shaver, enclosed on three sides by a stone wall with an iron fence in front, is overrun by brush and weeds and has some nice trees. However, it shows no desecration like the old Rice Cemetery on Huntsville St.

Since this cemetery is a family plot, apparently restricted from the earliest days to members of the Shaver family and connections, it contains relatively few of the earliest settlers. Fayette Allen, who died in 1880 at the age of 88, and his wife Sally Conklin, who died the same year at the same age, are apparently included because Jane Allen married one of the Shaver sons. Elizabeth Munson (1798-1832) was a daughter of Betsy Shaver and David Munson. There are some Frantz graves, due to marriage with members of the Shaver family, and perhaps a few others.

Although the first Philip Shaver and his wife, Mary Ann Workizer, had seven children and seventy-seven grandchildren, neither lived to old age. Philip, born in Austria in 1762, came to New Jersey, then to Forty Fort in 1804, and to the Back Mountain in 1813. He owned about a thousand acres, including, for a short time, lot three of old Bedford Township upon which the center of Dallas is built. He sold the upper end about the same year and settled in the area of the present Pioneer Avenue. His son John P. was apparently grown up and bought a farm at the same time. His other children bought their lands from their father's estate after his death in 1826. His wife died in 1828, age 57.

The large Shaver family descended from the first Philip and wife, Mary Ann, was more fully covered in this column a couple of years ago. Most of their children lived until after the Civil War, some to considerable age. Their eldest son, John P. born in 1789 died in 1871. His wife Sarah Montanye died in 1862, age 65.

Any listing of graves without a family genealogy at hand would be confusing and somewhat tiring, but a few markers have particular interest. For example, William and Rachael Shaver lost small children, Lusinda in 1823 at age four, and Jerusha in 1836, age one year and six days. Neither name is common in the same spelling now. The first Philip, is sometimes spelled Philip.

Daniel Shaver, born Oct. 30, 1835 died Aug. 2, 1864 from a wound received at the second battle of

Minnesee on Aug. 29, 1862 while serving with the First Pa. Rifles. (This is the date of, and probably refers to, the Second Battle of Bull Run).

Jared R. Shaver, born Jan. 25, 1833 died Nov. 5, 1857 after serving seven years as an American Seaman. Since he was only twenty-four when he died, he must have gone to sea at the age of about seventeen.

Other Shaver names not in common use now included: Maggie, Polly, Lovisa, Erastus, Filinda, Sharps, Almira. While not uncommon elsewhere a favorite with the Shaver family seems to have been "Asa" scattered through probably every generation somewhere.

Unlike the old Rice Cemetery, the Shaver Cemetery has been continued in use as a burial place until fairly recent years. Markers were noted as late as 1923 and there may be later ones.

Today America is noted as a nation with people moving about more than ever before. A permanent homestead through several generations, which the pioneers seemed to think about the most desirable thing obtainable, is not so well thought of now. Land, principal cause of many wars and most emigration, is in America no longer coveted. However the present generation, comparatively speaking, moves easily, even over great distances. With planes, trains, and long distance vans and autos moving is easy compared to pioneer days.

While no information is at hand about the particular circumstances of the first Philip Shaver, consider an Austrian, most likely having no knowledge of the language, traveling across several hostile European countries, then for weeks across the ocean in a sailing ship to New Jersey, later to this area which was then a wilderness, to found the town of Shavertown and rear a large family.

The pioneers had what was required in their time. We are getting soft. And this softness is not limited to physical strength either. The news from day to day and particularly our crime statistics prove that our moral and political fibres are decidedly flabby. The churches have ample facilities, big budgets, multiple organizations, with high membership and, maybe, relatively high attendance, but no one shows the crusading religious zeal common in earlier days.

In the words of Saint Paul to Timothy, we need to "endure Hardness".

Poet's Corner TO AN EARTHWORM (Corrected Version)

Earthworm, I salute you. Your make-up is simple—a long intestine with a sex attachment. Living on humus you are humble. Your wanderings through dirt create fertility.

Your looks — coming or going you are the same. Probably you don't know the past from the future for you extend both ways. You have no poses. You were around Hamlet's graveyard; you knew the glory of Greece, the grandeur of Rome, and their predecessors a billion years ago.

You have no dental trouble nor arthritis. You eat your way through life continually not bothered by menus, alcohol or hot-spots.

Your love-life is plain and clean; you are no pervert; you write no books about scandals in provincial places. Your position in society is secure; you need no autobiography telling of evolution from 8th to 5th Avenue, New York.

Insurance is no concern: if you are cut in two, you survive somehow.

You hear no jungle instruments or idiotic singing. Benefactor of man, you serve him in catching fish, but in the long run you consume both of them.

So, friend, hail and farewell.

Ralph A. Weatherly

"A Year Is A Lifetime" By John Kupstas

As if by instinct Mother Nature never forgets spring and autumn, the shortest most beautiful seasons of the year. Spring awakens the earth with a fresh, new start by giving birth to a new year. While autumn bursts forth with an all out effort for beauty before succumbing to its long dormant sleep.

With the appearance of the flowering arbutus nestled in its soft bed of moss, spring has finally arrived. The early spring flowers hold their heads high to let the warmth of the sun spread back their petals and give them the privilege of being the first life of the new year. These same flowers in autumn will be in seed or have their life stored in a bulb or root deep within the earth, prepared for whatever they will encounter until their next tour of duty arrives.

Despite the flourishing beauty of these two seasons, there is present a distinct difference in emotional feeling. Spring brings a light-hearted, relieved attitude that injects life into every living thing. Autumn brings a depressing feeling for slowly the sharp colors fade to the bleak colors of winter and soon the land will be desolate and barren, and all of nature's beautiful accessories will be dead and decaying.

Spring is not endowed with such an extremely wide variety of loud colors as Autumn but the predominant color green which exists means life. Even in the tiniest seed if life has been maintained, it will be given a chance to grow. Each day the flimsy, almost transparent shoots gain strength and color until they reach maturity and fulfill their obligation to insure continued life for the coming year. In autumn this foliage will be a flaming picture of blending crimson, green and yellow that appears to be painted by some master's brush. The crimson patches on the mountain-side, where the frost has hit hardest, appears as if a giant wound was opened and the life blood was oozing out to meet its inevitable death. The coniferous trees, like the Hemlock, Pine and Spruce seem to be the mightiest, holding their original green color and refusing to give up despite what lies ahead.

Fruit trees are adorned with innumerable pastel shades of color each spring. The light red tinted cherry blossoms, the snowwhite with pink tinted apple blossoms and the ivory white pear blossoms add the soft, light touch to Spring. Autumn will see these blossoms transformed into luscious fruit hanging so heavily that the limbs will touch the ground. The various kinds of apples and pears, each sporting a different color and taste, are the result of a fruitful year.

Spring nights are so peaceful, especially in the country where the sounds of the peepers and bullfrogs seem to be in competition to see which can make the biggest disturbance. This peaceful atmosphere is enhanced by the clear, white moon high in the heavens surrounded by a star studded sky, with a gentle, warm breeze calmly rolling through the night's sky. On a typical autumn night the bright, harvest moon hangs over the horizon lighting the stage for the familiar sounds of an Indian Summer night. From far off in the distance a Great Horned Owl issues its spine-chilling hoots and high in the clear sky the lonesome calls of Canadian Geese can be heard. These eerie autumn night sounds bring to life the old legend of Indian summer. You can almost see the "Injuns" dancing around the hazy yellow moon.

In the Spring the warmth from the new life melts the encasing crust of ice and snow, swelling the mountain brooks far beyond their banks. By early autumn the brooks will be nearly dry as if nature consumed this miracle drug to nourish the surrounding jungle of vegetation. As autumn comes to an end pre-winter snows will again replenish its supply.

Mother Nature seems to beautify spring and autumn to her fullest capacity by getting spring started with a generous portion of her colors and exhausting her entire color supply to make Autumn the most colorful season of all.

Robert Nicely Upped To Airman 1st Class

Busy October for Robert Nicely, Pharmacist at United States Air Force Base Hospital in Tachikawa, Japan. On the first day of the month he is upped to Airman First Class. On October 24, he celebrates his twenty-first birthday.

He had been in Japan for two months when he first met his future bride, Kuniko Hahakabe, a registered nurse at the base hospital. Captain Kievin performed the wedding ceremony August 3 at the Lutheran chapel on the base. The couple expect to be in Japan for another year before coming to the United States.

A/IC Robert is son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nicely, Shavertown. A graduate of Westmoreland, he has been in Japan since December 1959. Interests in this area centered about St. Paul's Lutheran Church, and Boy Scout work.

State Grange Oct. 23

Pennsylvania State Grange will meet October 23 to 26 in Washington Pa., when 2,000 delegates and guests, representing 685 subordinate and 56 Pomona Granges will gather for the 89th annual conclave.

From Pillar To Post... by Hix

I had been sounding off (as usual) on the subject of what I considered the barbarism of shooting game with a bow and arrow. I enlarged upon the fright of the deer as it went leaping off into the brush, transfixed with an arrow.

I drew a piteous picture of the wounded creature becoming weaker and weaker with loss of blood, moving more and more slowly, stumbling now and again, leaving behind it a trail of blood, sinking to its knees, forcing itself again to its feet, falling on its side, its eyes glazing.

That, in the face of the fact that deer and I have a long standing feud, ever since one of the animals climbed the hood of my car in the Poconos, bent on committing suicide, and succeeding, Johnnie, coming through the door to the composing room, a large ham sandwich in his hand, paused to listen.

Johnnie is the soul of courtesy, but he has his convictions. "Honest, Mrs. Hicks," he remonstrated, "you've got it all wrong. It doesn't hurt a deer as much to get shot with an arrow as it does with a bullet."

"See you?" "I'll prove it. Which would you rather get hit with, a razor blade or a hammer?"

The answer to that was neither, but I was open to conviction. Johnnie laid down his sandwich and ran out to his car. He came back, carrying a bow taller than his head and three arrows.

"Now lookit," he invited, "just feel of that arrow tip." "Ouch."

"It didn't really hurt at all, did it?" "Don't bother to bring out the hammer for demonstration." Johnnie expatiated. "When a bullet hits a deer, it not only penetrates, it tears the flesh, and it does tremendous damage. When an arrow penetrates, it's a clean wound, and the deer hardly feels it. He dies easy."

"Johnnie, I still don't like the idea. All the hunter has to do, I'm told, is to sit down on a stump and after about an hour, follow the trail of blood and finish off the deer. It's completely cold-blooded."

"And what do you suppose happens when you shoot a deer with a gun? You follow the trail of blood and you finish off the deer." "I still think it's barbarous. Give me the quick and easy method, all over with in one swell foop."

"Such as running over one in the road?" "I'm beginning to come around to Johnnie's point of view. Maybe it doesn't hurt a deer as much to get hit with an arrow as with a bullet."

"How you getting along with your bow and arrow hunting, Johnnie?" I inquired as I paused by the linotype machine.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Hicks, I don't enjoy it too much anymore. I keep thinking about that deer dropping to his knees . . ."

"Oh shoot, Johnnie, I was going to ask you to let me tag along on a bow and arrow hunt. Wanted to see if I could draw that bow." "Thought you said I shot one with an arrow, you didn't want to even look at it?"

"That was last week. How about we settle for a small steak?"

100 Years Ago This Week...in THE CIVIL WAR

(Events exactly 100 years ago this week in the Civil War—told in the language and style of today.)

Who Goofed—Stone or McClellan?

Union Losses Heavy In Ball's Bluff Fiasco

LEESBURG, Va.—Oct. 21—Confederate Brig. Gen. Nathan G. Evans directed a successful repulse of invading Union forces today at Ball's Bluff, a sheer 70-foot cliff rising out of the Potomac near here.

An estimated 50 Union soldiers were killed, 150 wounded and 700 missing or captured in the abortive foray. The Southern defenders counted some 30 dead and more than 100 wounded.

One of the Union casualties was the leader of the raid, Col. Edward D. Baker, former senator from Oregon and a close personal friend of President Lincoln. He was killed.

THE OPERATION was ordered by Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, reportedly after Mr. Lincoln became angered over general inactivity of the north's troops.

McClellan sent Brig. Gen. Charles F. Stone, former commander of Washington forces, toward Leesburg with orders to feel out enemy strength and, if possible, to dislodge them from the woodlands along the Virginia side of the Potomac.

Stone led his men to the scene and dispatched a party of raiders under Col. Baker to the Virginia side.

Baker led men of the 1st California, the 15th and 20th Massachusetts and the 42d New York over the water in small boats, landing in the deceptive shadow of Ball's Bluff.

With only two pieces of artillery, the few Union companies pushed to within a mile of Leesburg without encountering trouble.

Then Evans, who had won a limited fame during the Bull Run or Manassas battle, unleashed his troops and forced the Union invaders back onto the bluff.

The high rate of capture of the Northerners reflected their inability to retreat across the river. They had their choice of trying to make the leap and swim it back to Maryland, or be taken prisoner. Most chose the latter.



McClellan

Another blunder; does he really know what he's doing? That's the '61 question in Washington these days.

Baker's Death Stuns Lincoln

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Oct. 21—Aides of President Lincoln reported he was stunned by the death in combat today of one of his closest friends, Col. Edward D. Baker.

Baker fell to Confederate gunfire while leading an unsuccessful raid on Ball's Bluff, in Virginia some 30 miles upriver from here.

Mr. Lincoln and Baker had been close since early manhood in Illinois and one of the Lincoln children, now dead, was named after Baker.

Word of Baker's death reached Mr. Lincoln at the War department telegraph department. He was reported to have wept silently and to have groped his way from that bustling office.

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Quick Quiz! ...by BIRMINGHAM

1. LAST YEAR THE AVERAGE U.S. SCIENTIST EARNED A. \$ 9000 B. \$ 12,000 C. \$ 7,000

2. WHICH IS THE LARGEST OF THE REMAINING AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES? A. IROQUOIS B. NAVAHO C. SIOUX

3. WHAT PERCENTAGE OF THE FOOD WE EAT COMES FROM THE SEA? A. 5% B. 10% C. 15%

ANSWERS: 1. B 2. B 3. C